

Yuletide In The Antipodes

D. M. de C. LEGATE.

ONE hears so often, about two or three weeks preceding Christmas day, Canadians expressing the hope that it will not be a so-called 'green' Yuletide, that it may be of interest to people on the northern part of this continent to know just how their Australian cousins from 'down under' celebrate the birth of our Saviour, without the snow setting, or the sleighs or the invigorating cold atmosphere. Not that the people of the Dominion do not know that at this special season, it is the height of summer in the Kangaroo Isle, but their ideas of that Land of the Wattle are so absurdly hopeless, that an article concerning at least one aspect of the life down there might help a little in educating the self-centred individual of the American continent.

Snow, and sleigh-bells, and evergreens, and icicles, and zero temperatures are so commonly associated or thought of in connection with the greatest celebration of the year that it is with great difficulty one can imagine what a Christmas day could be without all these things. The true idea of this sort of celebration of the Nativity is said to have originated in the northern countries of Europe and thence spread to England, where, in the age of Charles Dickens, it became one of the most picturesque, joyous, carefree holidays in the history of the world. There are those that scoff at the spirit which prevails during the latter week of December, remarking that it is nothing short of a great economic institution, but the fact remains that it is the greatest institution probably ever conceived, and the qualities essential to this greatest of institutions seem to be lazily falling snowflakes, glistening white hillsides, white-tipped evergreen trees, sleighs with their fur-swathed drivers and their musical little bells, and a snappy air that makes one's cheeks tingle and glow.

GREEN CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA

Now that is all very well. But, if these are essential to Christmas day, what are the folks south of the equator going to do for such things? The only tingle and glow that they can acquire from their climate is a good, healthy sunburn and the uncomfortable tingle that inevitably accompanies such a malady. The closest resemblance to the sleigh they can get hold of is a most unromantic two-wheeled buggy, or 'trap' as it is called, and that has neither pretty bells nor bearuags. Their glistening hillsides, glisten, not because of a pure, white blanket of snow, but from the burning rays of sun that reflect back from the rocks. And while there are such things as pines in our sister Dominion, the place of the cosy fir, or the heavily garbed spruce, is taken by the tall, bare-looking eucalyptus tree.

With us, in this Land of the Free, or the Lady of the Snows, (or whatever political party you belong to) the true, jolly Xmas day is spent in the drawing-room of our homes about a blazing log fire. But how can you expect the Aussies to gather round the hearth when the thermometer registers anything from 98 to 110 degrees in the shade? Instead of seeing people wrapped in luxurious fur-coats and caps when you glance out of the window, you'll find that white-flanneled and sport shirts will meet your gaze.

While the kiddies are sledding on streets and hills, and the elders are skating on ponds or rinks here in Canada, Australians are migrating to summer resorts to sport in the ocean breakers and upon the sands of New South Wales and Queensland.

PICNICS TO THE BUSH

Picnics to the 'bush' are perhaps the most popular pastime for Queenslanders. An hamper chock full of cold-mutton, and what-not, is piled into the Ford or the 'trap' together with a few 'bilies', the bushwhackers kettle, and off along the chocolate-soil roads of the Australian bush, where the holiday is spent in true aborigine manner, with the odd bit of excitement supplied by vipers of all descriptions joining the party, attracted by the campfire. This may all seem anything but pleasant to you people of Canada, but apart from its novelty and healthiness, the setting is genuinely picturesque. Tropical vegetation has something about it that attracts, a sort of laziness and quiet effect that makes one revel in such a setting; and this is all enhanced by the diversity of bird and animal life that throngs the Australian bush, multi-colored parrots that flit about in the sunlight are positively entrancing, while there are also many other birds whose plumage and call are peculiar to the southern clime, culminating, of course, in the amusing, but none the less useful, kookkaburra, or the 'laughing jack-ass', as it is called. True, the ravenous dingoes, or the many poisonous varieties of snakes are anything but conducive to lolling about in the bush, but then the timber-wolf and the skunk are probably just as little inviting and welcome.

The Christmas tree is widely used throughout the land, and the children's Santa Claus is always represented in his snow-bedeked chariot drawn by reindeers, along with all the rest of his northern equipage; plum puddings with the brandy sauce happen just as much in Australia as here; but it is very noticeable that the popular custom of posting greeting cards that is practiced here, while it is done to a certain extent out there, nevertheless Christmas cards are not nearly so much in evidence.

The two celebrations in these two sister countries at the two ends of the earth furnish a wonderfully interesting contrast. Perhaps the only thing that the Canadian and Australian Christmas have in common is just the one thing that characterizes this season of the year the world over—its spirit of light-hearted joyousness and exhilarating merriment.

CRESCENDO ET DECRESCENDO

A CRASH of heavy notes a-rolling
To a clumsy stupid mass:
Ripping, tearing, smashing, swearing,
Swelling volume breaking into
Thundering applause.

Plaintive notes, like Hindu chanting
To a clumsy, stupid mass
Scorned by feeble minds a-mocking,
Stealing onward, passing into
Melancholy tones.

Like chords of music, does this crowd
So knowing, acts of man proclaim
Well done or not, according to
Their blatant flare and thus is maimed
Man by fellow-man.

—GERTRUDE LERNER.

Sir Arthur Currie



The Principal's Message

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of good will and of friendly and charitable thoughts to all men.
With all my heart I wish every student of McGill the happiest of vacations and the best of New Years.

Arthur Currie

The Price Of Peace

J. G. NELLES.

IT is the secret fashion nowadays to consider ourselves barbarous. The casual observer of this continent must be gravely impressed by our absorption in two fascinating ethnological problems. One concerns the disgusting relation of man with an arboreal biped, and the other, a devastating enquiry into a charge that gentlemen prefer blondes. I propose to solve neither problem; but our observers, however, might remark that in both of them the monkey idea is being carried too far.

For though we disdain intimate association with Mr. Darwin and his apes, we have apparently so little faith in the results of our two thousand years of Christian progress as to suppose our life-span must necessarily bridge a river of blood. Actually, this is not so. We have advanced, save in the puerile assumption that our moral philosophy should still be limited by the concepts of a cave-man. Our ancestors ate human flesh; why can't we? Aristotle said slavery could never be abolished; but where are the slaves today? A few centuries ago man was satisfied to avenge personal injury by duelling and not by a court decision; is he now?

The fact is, that down through the ages the real battles of man have not been the wars of royal puppets and emperors, but the struggles of men in all nations to gain individual freedom, and to set up machinery to ensure it. Retrogression has appeared from time to time only to collapse before the inexorable will of successive generations. The Price of Peace has been the fight to assert the will to Peace. As a national fight it has been nearly won, and it remains for the twentieth century to make the victory universal. We have already developed the machinery to settle disputes within groups, as Professor Irving Fisher of Yale has said, we must now make good our work for their settlement between groups.

MAN DOES NOT WANT WAR

That man does not want war is so blatantly obvious as to drive us to the conclusion that international Peace is practicable. History proves it. In the political wars of the past the main motives were the personal interests of rival leaders. But since the increasing freedom demanded by the people has given them greater control over their governments, this age-old "casus belli" has been practically eliminated. Another source of European conflict has also disappeared. The wars of colonial expansion, now that all available land has been claimed, are only a matter of dusty record. But their yellow tomes yield a notable lesson. Whereas the mad rush for the New World in the XVth century dissolved its rivalries in incessant warfare, the grab for Africa in the XIXth century, with every European nation in the scramble, was accomplished without a fight. Three centuries of progress had evidently left their mark.

But the world grew careless of Peace. It placed the ideal state on an impossible foundation. It entrusted the keys of tranquility to the guardians of suspicion. It pinned its futile hope to the antagonistic interests of the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy and the Triple Entente of Great Britain, France and Russia. Inevitably this power-for-power diplomacy, this glorification of nationalism, led to disaster. The instrument of actual conflict was forged by a class of German Imperialists and hurled suddenly at France in a belief that England would merely demur at it, and Italy condone the act. Both conceptions were wrong; England and Italy at once supported France and the World War began.

To the silly fatalism of the man-in-the-street it was the logical outcome either of man's inherent combativeness or of the inevitable clash of national interests. His snap judgment that a world war took place and therefore must again take place is only tempered by his sigh of regret that such things seem doomed to occur. His sigh of regret! His lonely little sigh! Oblivious ignorant! In that sigh lies the breath and sole hope of Universal Peace! There are millions of such sighs in the world; locked in the breast of every race; enchaind in the hearts of every nation. Unloose them! Let every man realize his single strength; let him drive base, timidity to the devil; let him cry defiance to all cynics. He will be heard! To his voice will be added those of thousands he has never heard, until his little sigh finds itself among innumerable others, a part of a world tempest for the right to live. For the Price of Peace is but the Will to Peace and every man holds it in the hollow of his hand.

WORLD WAR, A NEEDED LESSON

The last great war has taught mankind many lessons and he is bound to profit. In the debauched decade between Sarajevo and Locarno what has he learnt? That domination by a single power is as mythical a dream today as it was in Napoleon's time; it faces the world in opposition. That modern war is not a struggle of men but of scientific agents; and the latter promise such development to effect the slaughter of an army or the destruction of a basic city in a few hours. That a nation's ignorance of world opinion or political policies in a moment of crisis is fatal to Peace; Earl Grey informs us that war could have been prevented in 1914 had Germany been acquainted with the attitude of the Allies over a common council table. Finally, that a check must be placed on selfish national interests; extreme nationalism constitutes a will to war.

The realization of these principles, especially by Europe, has resulted in a profound change of outlook since 1914. War seemed then, the only escape from the iron ring of old alliances. Today Europe gasps a little at the prospects of security latent in the League of Nations. They finger it gingerly. It is a new thing for a small nation to be able to stand up and tell the world what she thinks of Germany or France or Italy, without drawing

REMEMBRANCE

THERE is a fever in my veins today,
A restlessness that will not be appeased,
A wild voice calling—and I must obey,
For I have drunk the wine of mad adventure,
And cannot stay.

I shall see Venice, green and gold at night,
City of dreams and tears and laughter sweet,
And Vienna, ever-young, vivid and bright,
Where tales are told and songs are sung of love's
Careless and light.

Lost, I shall seek the Jebro's shore. Ah—these
White moonlight and the almond-trees in bloom,
Filling with heavy scent the soft night air,
Shall bring back hours of love, and thoughts of you,
My lady fair.

—ANONYMOUS.

Ring Out The Old

By E. S.

We are walking down a narrow street in an old English West Country market town on New Year's Eve. Dark has some time fallen and the flickering gas-lamps are competing with the newly-risen moon, almost full, to render more deep the shadows. Few are astir, for save on Saturday nights, the good townsfolk are early abed; there is a slight frost, and a crinkly film of ice covers the puddles left by yesterday's rain.

We pass the almshouses and the old half-timbered dwellings that have seen a score of generations. The Duke of Monmouth must have ridden down here on his ill-fated journey to Sedgemoor. The cottages' little low windows, with their diamond panes, give forth a cheery glow, and peering within we see an old man dozing over his paper and his good wife sewing by the fire.

But now we have rounded a corner, and come upon the market-place, where the lamps are more numerous, and little groups of men stand round the doors of the public houses to chat before returning home. Across the cobbles of the square we go, and, turning down a dark alley-way, come to the church rising from its dim and mysterious graveyard. A passing cloud obscuring the moon, renders our way still more eerie, but we grope to the porch and there find a group of men awaiting the venter and his keys. They are the bell-ringers, who are to toll out the old year and peel in the new, high up in the old tower.

Poof! falls the venter comes and unlocks the door. Let us follow them in. Our way lies through the nave, where stern crusaders sleep in company with seventeenth century notables, to the foot of the western tower. Here a heavy oaken door gives on to a spiral stone stairway. Up and up we go, round and round with the ringers' nailed boots clattering ahead. Every second round a hissing fistful gas-jet illuminates the worn steps, but in between it is dark and fearful.

After what seems an interminable ascent we reach the belfry. Through the ceiling of this square room hang the

Presidents' Message

I am very pleased to have this opportunity of extending to my fellow students my warmest wishes for a very happy Christmas.

Most of us will be going to our homes where we will rest and play and forget compulsory attendance and final exams—though a few will no doubt do a little studying between times. Some of us will spend a good part of the vacation working to replenish the exchequer; while a few others will spend the holidays in hospital, where the surgeon's knife will attempt to give better health to these less fortunate few.

Christmas 1926 will be important for McGill in that three significant conferences will be held under her aegis. Two hundred men will attend an International Fraternity Convention. Thirty or forty men and women students, mostly Presidents or Students' Councils, will attend an organization conference of the National Union of Students, while at Ste. Anne de Bellevue 250 students and professors, from all sections of Canada, will attend the Second National Conference of the Students Christian Movement of Canada.

To all these guests we extend McGill's hearty welcome and the best wishes for the season.

Wherever we will be and whatever we will be doing, I think we will return to college happier and better fitted for the next lap in our years work if we follow this motto:

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

(Signed),
ERROL L. AMARON.

seven bell-ropes; round the walls are benches, and in one corner are two casks—of beer and cider—for ringing is thirsty work. The ringers commence with a clanging peal that sets the tower vibrating as though shaken by

(Continued on page seven)

The Overseas Mail

P. Matthams

"Fourth floor, please."

The elevator man slid back the door and ushered me into a corridor filled with humanity. Yes, that was the only description which could be applied to the mass, wriggling, squirming and pulsating in a manner which is hardly believable. It took unto itself an octopus-like form, having but five tentacles it is true, with its head pressed hard against a partition behind which were clerks cool and collected as compared with the excited crowd. It was a good thing that there was a brass railing or else it would be hard to surmise what the result might have been. The people were not rowdy, not violent, but filled with an ever-burning desire to obtain their rightful possession which they knew was somewhere behind that partition.

The ripping of wood, the clatter of tin, the crackle of tinzel, the rustle of tissue paper sounds above the continuous murmuring, babbling hubbub of an over anxious crowd. Each person cherishes a slip of postcard telling them that there awaits them in bond a parcel from over the sea. Whatever urge may be said to be predominant in man, is now subservient to the urge which has as its object the little wickets of the Customs' authorities. Men who usually give an outward appearance of elegance and sedateness find their hats tilted at an angle, their canes get in the way, and it is a good thing they wear overshoes or perhaps the shine would be entirely destroyed from their shoes. Women in furs and seals, complain of the heat, repeatedly powder their noses, shift from one foot to another and try to edge in front of their forerunner in the queue. The thousands waiting to see the Queen of Rumania, or students jostling to obtain tickets for the Toronto game have nothing to give in comparison with the Christmas parcel rush.

Methodically the electric clock ticks out the half minutes, methodically the squirming lines of humanity

(Continued on page eight)

McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

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 A. Ross Hargrave, Editor-in-Chief
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Monday, December 20, 1926.

Ring in the New

IT is the custom with this, the last appearance of the Daily before Christmas, and indeed before the year 1927, to publish editorially trite old observations and reflections of what happened nearly two thousand years ago in the little (this, for effect) town of Bethlehem, and events relating thereto; but we feel that, like other publications on this same campus that are striving pathetically, though none the less valiantly to be original, we would like to glance off at a tangent and "do something different" for the Christmas number of McGill's most important publication (this, with all due modesty.)

Another calendar year of our university career is about to pass into history, with nothing but fond memories of good times and a few impressions from our classrooms remaining to mark the year 1926 out from any other twelve months which we have happened to spend on Mother Earth. It might not be an idle suggestion that, at this special time, before we depart for our various homes to engage in the merriment of this holiday season, we should pause and ponder on our respective achievements to date, the frailties that we have displayed, and incidentally the possibility of bettering our remaining college course to eradicate the faults and errors of the past.

From our student social and political point of view we all have probably much to improve. There is always bound to be a perceptible lag and lack of interest to a certain degree in undergraduate affairs, but, even the slightest encouragement, matters will lapse into most undesirable states. The remedy for all this is palpably for each and every member of the student body to maintain in his best ability an ever-keen interest in things undergraduate and so do his or her share in engendering not only a healthy spirit (despite the feeble verse in our contemporary recently), but a solid state of affairs from the organization and financial aspect of things.

Then, again, much can be revised in the manner of tackling our academic side of the university existence; perhaps we are allowing too much outside pleasures, altogether apart from student activity, to engage us to the detriment of our studies; in fact, it is within the bounds of possibility for us to pay too much attention to our classroom work, and so automatically stifle the full value of our college life. In any case, things will differ with the individual, and there is none of us so perfect that we cannot sit down and reflect upon better means or methods by which we may improve ourselves in this regard.

Altogether, the year of 1926 has been fairly prosperous for all at McGill; it has been a fairly successful one in the history of the university; but the fact remains that it might have been far more successful, and now is the time for everyone to resolve that the necessary improvement in all departments of the college can be achieved during the coming year.

Well, the point is just this: a thought or so in serious vein during our holidays will lead to something constructive for the next year of our college career; if so, does it not seem worth thinking about a little?

As a conclusion, the Daily heartily wishes the entire faculty, undergraduate body and its other readers a very merry Christmas and a subsequently happy and prosperous New Year.

Sheepish Superciliousness

DISPLAYING haughty indifference is an habit that is despised in most people, but when this attitude is adopted and consistently maintained by persons who not only have nothing to be contemptuous about, but also assume this silly superiority in the most furtive and cowardly manner, then one begins to cast about for a convenient bomb or some such weapon which might prove effective in destroying these puerile pests.

The type of mortal that perches in a safe spot, far from the smoke and heat of the battle, and criticizes scathingly the methods adopted by those who are doing their best to command, especially when that mortal is absolutely unqualified to lend advice upon the subject, is just the sort of animal that creeps into the cogs of the works and destroys practically everything without the slightest bit of constructive help.

There are far too many such individuals and groups of individuals here at McGill to warrant good work on the part of those broader (and we venture, more intelligent) minds that throw in their every effort to do something for their fellow students. Indeed there is room for the critical mind in student affairs, but that critical mind should at first be intelligent, second have a

knowledge of what he is talking about, and third be constructive.

It is all very well to be sarcastic and witty, if one may call it such, but that gets neither party anywhere, and usually militates against both. Constructive criticism is needed and requested, but it usually comes from those men who show a desire to do something in the carrying out of that constructive criticism, and not from those who sit in a room and pick holes in plans and projects, having neither an idea about that project, nor a constructive idea to add to it.

If the educated masses are asses, then those narrow, pedantic pups who write about them, are—well, we refrain from publishing the most appropriate term.

Petit Parisien

Dear Monsieur McGill Daily:—

My dog's barks, and my muse, will combine with ze xmas, to give you, and all ze professeurs, one final word before I leave for ze country, to enjoy xmas dinner with my xcellent friends, ze Legaults.

TO ZE STUDENTS.

You are going away to ze east, And ze west and ze north and ze south,

To get xmas cheer, And pudding and beer, To please both your mind, and your mouth.

CHORUS.

So here's to ze spirits of xmas, You can't get it in spring or in fall, But, it's better to get it at xmas, Than never get it at all.

You can say to your sister and brother, Your cousin, your uncle and pa, That when you were there You learned how to swear, But, do not tell that to ma.

You saw ze new Arts building open Its windows, its rooms and its door, But, hard benches they keep, So you cannot have sleep, If ze talk of ze prof. is a bore.

They pull down ze rickety building(?) Which students have exercise in, Ze heads of P. T. With much agony, Abolish compulsory jim.

Ze teams of ze soccer and tennis And rugger, have quickly brought back Some championship, Though we have let slip Ze titles for rugbalre and track.

Ze senior students look lovely, In gown of one very black hue, And after ze men Had put them on—then Ze women put them on too.

Ze crowds which have filled ze big libraire, And mark up with pictures ze tome, Are not now so big, Ze freshman now dig— Into study.

Ze Daily, with very much humor, Is try to find prof. populaire, Ze editors run Lots of letters with pun, Which give corporation a scare.

Now there is much more I can tell you, But now I will lay down my pen— I'll say that I feel With dear Miss Marcille I shall have a vacation, and then— Well, I have not ask her. But, perhaps, when all ze students go home, they will find their girl are waiting for them, and—well, I wish you and I shall have luck.

Merry Xmas.

AUGUSTINE De BUCKETTE.

Between The Book Ends

Pacifism

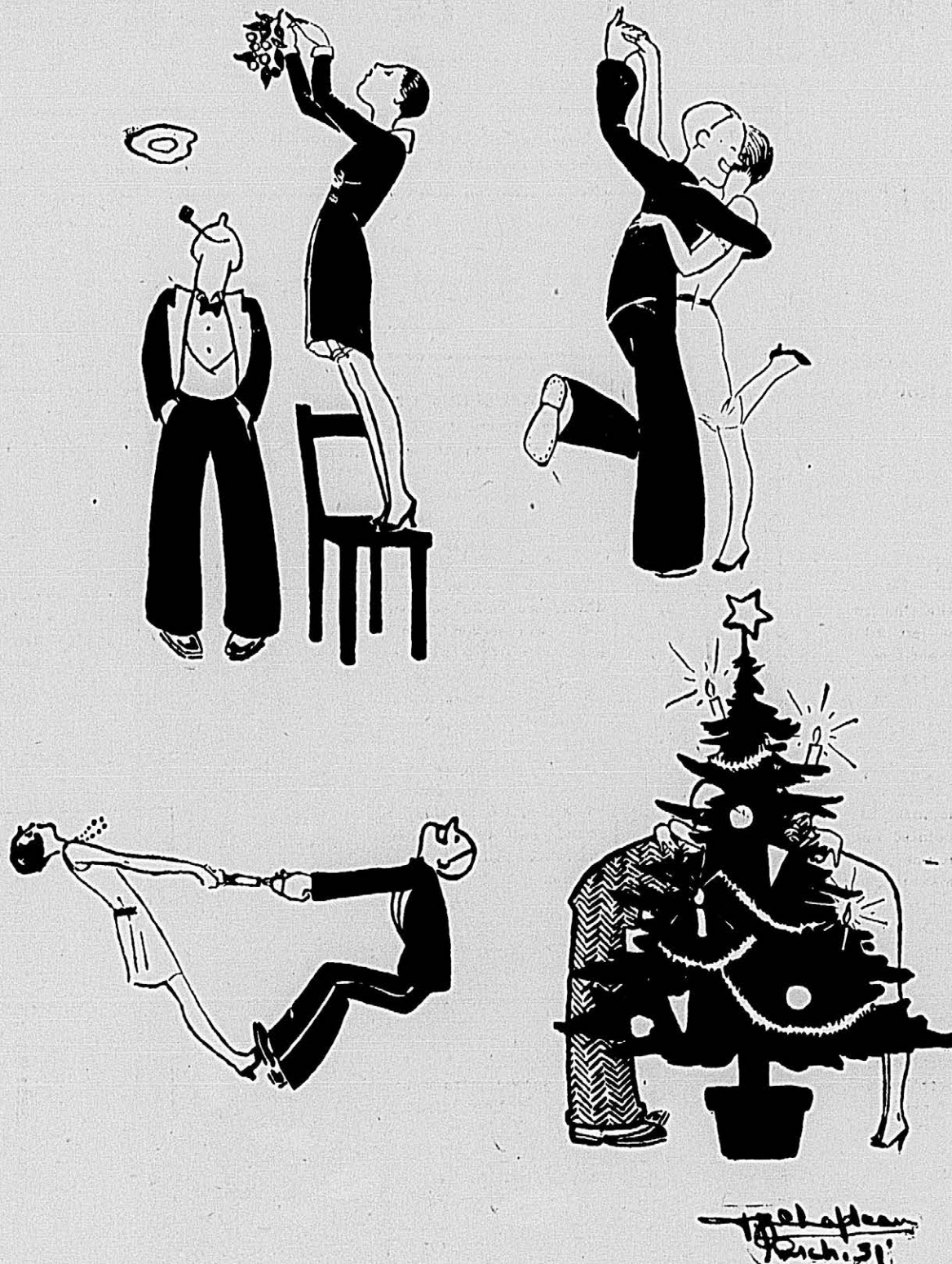
THE CHRISTIAN AND WAR. (An Appeal), by M. F. McCutcheon, A. P. Shatford, W. A. Gifford, R. Roberts, W. D. Reid and T. W. Jones of Montreal. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart \$1.50.

No men are better fitted to expound the pacifist theory than theologians, especially those theologians who have been through wars. Of the five authors of this book all influential clergymen two—Rev. W. T. Jones and Canon Shatford served with the Canadian army in the thick of battle ten years ago.

The book consolidates all the truly sound pacifist arguments, and because of its accuracy, logic and moderate standpoint is a powerful pacifist weapon. Foolish sentimentalists—most, but by no means all of them women have by their extreme arguments, given the advantage to those who consider war necessary and helpful.

"Force cannot be a Christian weapon nor those who use it Christian agents except in so far as their force is kept subsidiary to other means—war—inevitably degenerates into violence," say the authors. They give four reasons for this in brief:—It wreaks vengeance upon innocent and guilty alike, it debases the champions of right themselves, it tends to substitute the results of force for a real settlement of the moral issues themselves, and it tends to substitute the re-

NO LECTURES-----NO 'ELL



gults of force, for a real settlement of the moral issues themselves, and it tends to sow the seeds of future conflicts.

No! say the pro-war partisan. Well, the statements mentioned above are just debate resolutions, upheld by statesmanlike arguments in the book. "The Christian and War" will be successful. It discusses a vital issue of the day.

—C. H. D.

Thirty-second Edition
THE STORY OF MANKIND (32nd edition, by Henrik Van Loon New York, Boni and Liveright. \$2.50)

The fact that a book has run through thirty-two editions is not, per se an indication of that book's great value, but here we have an instance of a volume, that through sheer merit has had this seemingly impossible large circulation.

There is no doubt that the book is a sound contribution to the historical works. Meant primarily for children, and hence written in a style designed to interest them, Van Loon's monumental work can be read with profit, and with enjoyment as well, by many university students.

There is something about the way Van Loon writes in this book that is decidedly intriguing. Throughout the entire volume, interest is maintained and when this can be said a book dealing with a subject regarded by most children as dry, it is paying a distinct tribute to the ability of the author.

History is here told in a new way, and this latest edition has brought the story of mankind up to the present day. Nor is the book likely to stop at its thirty-second edition—not as long as any rate as there are children roaming around—children of all ages.

Canada's Metropolis
THE PORT OF MONTREAL, by L. C. Tombs, Toronto, The MacMillan Company of Canada \$0.75

This is a very learned discussion of the port of Montreal in its relation to the rest of the Dominion of Canada. Taken from a thesis on the same subject, written by the author for the degree of Master of Arts, the book is replete with first hand references a fact which separates this sort of work from the numerous quasi-popular books on various economic subjects of which we have been receiving many during the past few years.

In addition to giving an interesting history of the Port of Montreal, Mr. Tombs discusses at considerable length supporting his statements with first hand facts actual figures the various aspects of the multitudinous functions of this port.

The deep waterways schemes which have come up during the present decade are also discussed at considerable length and their possible effect on Montreal is treated.

To those interested in the welfare of Montreal, and of the Dominion of Canada, particularly as regards problems of transportation, this little book will supply much accurate information.

The Spirit of Quebec
PRICE LIST, (Anon.) Quebec, The Quebec Liquor Commission. Gratis. (Reprinted from last year's Christmas issue by special request). We have before us the sixteenth

edition of the well-known book entitled "Price List", published by the Quebec Liquor Commission. Its successive editions speak well for the popularity of this original work. The volume is printed in both English and French, and to an unimaginative person it will serve as a convenient medium for the study of French idiom and usage. But, even if one is not academically inclined, this work is of especial interest to the college student.

Realism has been carried to considerable lengths in the past few years, and the present volume contains the epitome of realism and yet allows the fullest scope for the delicate use of the imagination. In the harmonious blend of impressionism and realism, no words are wasted; and we find the most suggestive impression created with few words. It contains perhaps the closest approach to realism that can be found in the printed page; but unfortunately words have their limitations. However, by a judicious use of the material contained in this volume, one is able to transmute the aesthetic emotion derived from its pages into one of physical reality, no matter how passing that emotion may be. A headache is perhaps a light penalty for this delightful experience.

In the preface to this delightful masterpiece we read that "all sales are on a strictly cash basis," and adjusting oneself to this perhaps too commercial morality, the book is of great interest. The strongest chapters of the work are those under the headings of "Whiskey," "Gin" and "Rum," while those possessed of the temperate spirit of ancient Greece will perhaps prefer those chapters which deal with "Champagne," "Bourgeois" and lighter subjects.

"All art is parochial," someone has said; and this work is strongly flavoured with the spirit of Quebec. Attractively bound for the Christmas trade in snow-white covers, this slim volume deserves a place on the Canadian five-foot-shelf. It is indispensable for reference, and we foresee a great future for this type of purely Quebecan literature. For those who live in less favoured parts of this continent it would be an admirable gift to present to friends at home. In those benighted regions this book might take rank as a masterpiece of imaginative prose. On the whole it is a book which is extremely satisfying, though it perhaps leaves a little to be desired.

TEE-TOTALER

LETTER FROM SANTA

Dear Boys and Girls at McGill University.

I want to extend to you best wishes for a merry Christmas. If you have been good and studied hard all year and paid attention to your professors when they lectured I shall have presents for you on Christmas eve. Write me a letter and tell me what you want. Send these letters to the Student Council office and they will be sent to me.

I hope that when you come back from your holidays you will be fresh and ready to do more studying and to pay attention to your professors.

Merry Christmas, boys and girls! Yours for a longer Christmas vacation,
 SANTA CLAUS

Three Christmas Jingles For The College Students

1. I LOVE THE MERRY XMAS TIME

I love the merry Christmas time
 I never knew its joy till
 I got a steady part-time job,
 In Mr. Eaton's Toyville.

2. PERCY, HANDSOME COLLEGE MAN

Percy, handsome college man,
 Replete with college tricks,
 In faith asked king old Santa for
 An open Packard Six;
 But Santa's so old fashioned
 That he murmured, so they say,
 "I hate them queer new-fangled toys."
 And then, "Now is my day...."
 He rambled on, did old St. Nick,
 With here and there a sigh....
 Our Percy got on Christmas day
 Another knitted tie.

3. SING A SONG OF TWO BITS

Sing a song of two bits,
 My heart is filled with woe,
 Four and twenty berries,
 My Daddy sent ytu know,
 To buy my Christmas presents,
 But all of it is gone
 Except two bits—that's all I have
 To treat the family on.

R. A. M.

Piognance

SOBBING flute-notes in the dusk—
 Scent of roses—scent of musk
 Firelight on a crimson wall—
 Haunting memories recall.

Was it only yester-night,
 Here beside this crimson light
 I made my prayer to you

And was it only yester-night,
 You put my last, wan hopes to flight—
 And killed my faith in you?

Sobbing flute-notes in the dusk—
 Scent of roses—scent of musk
 Bring my anguish back; you might
 Have made it fifty — Dad, you might.

E. K. T.

Pierrot On The Futility Of Being Amorous

THEN gravely, since he knows not
 other ways
 This fellow Pierrot of the livid face
 And bitter mouth, spreads his long
 hands and says:
 Good people, all desiring is a waste
 Since gaunt Phinocchio grows a
 wooden nose
 And Master Cherry's bandy bended
 hose
 Trip in a measure foreign to his
 taste;
 The Puppet Master's turn has come
 about
 To play at puppet for some older
 one;
 Gone is security, delight, and gone
 The honey-bellied moon in this
 strange drought
 Then foolish Pierrot opens his brave
 suit,
 And pucks upon his heart like an
 old lute.

—Gwendolyn Carrie

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A Billion Dollars
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HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL
 BRANCHES IN ALL THE LARGER CENTRES

CLAIMS LEAGUE MISUNDERSTOOD BY AMERICANS

Various Attitudes Towards League Of Nations Discussed

FOUR SPEECHES

Das, Rubenstein, Bergithon, Prof. Parsons Delivered Papers at Meeting

At the third meeting of the League of Nations Club, last night, four papers were read. B. O. Y. Das spoke first, on "The Attitude of America Towards the League." The three other papers were read by C. Bergithon, on "Europe's Attitude"; M. Rubenstein, on "China's Attitude"; and Professor Parsons, on "The Attitude of the Soviet Union". Other business of the evening included a discussion as to the advisability of allowing women students to join the club. It was finally decided that they should be able to join.

In speaking of America, Das pointed out that the League and its work are generally misunderstood in that country. Many people believe that if the United States once entered the League, they would be unable to get out, which, of course, is quite wrong. Besides that, they do not like the fact that if they did join, Britain would have seven votes to their one in the assembly, by virtue of her colonies. Europe, on the other hand, is wholeheartedly in favor of the League, as it had its birth-place there, and as it gives the many small countries which cover the continent a say in matters of international import. Its extreme impartiality is shown by the fact that even Germany has recently been admitted to membership.

China, however, is in no position to be benefitted by all this. The problems in China at the present time are such as the League could not, or would not, interfere with. Besides, the behaviour of the British in sending gun-boats to order the Chinese generals around is not of a nature to induce membership on an assembly of which Britain is the controlling power. Then again, the Chinese are too hide-bound by tradition to wish to participate to any great extent in western politics.

The Soviet Union holds similar views. Some just don't believe in the League, while others feel that they could not sit in the same assembly with nations, such as Poland, who entertain warlike feeling against them. Also, they do not like the idea of having other nations "meddling" in their affairs.

It is the object of the League at present to bring these countries round to a more sensible point of view, so that the foundations for a real world-peace may be laid.

Besides the regular business of the evening, the subject of admitting lady-members was discussed at length, the main argument against it being that they would cramp free speech. This was soon discredited, however, for it was pointed out that firstly, there is nothing more free than the speech of the modern co-ed, and secondly, the language used in the club is not too free anyway. The motion was therefore passed, and a touch of femininity will probably be present at the next meeting.

Joy Waggon A Poem

(Shortly after Elliot, Stilwell, and the New Decadents)
LISTEN Moon:
Nine and twenty lascivious black tomcats
Yowl with aboreal sluggishness;
Coo in a purple silence of forsaken fungus...
Tranquillizing old desire with paradox
Steeped in Satanic stolicism...
Drunk on alliteration.
Somewhere
A fat courtesan
Munches mayonnaise and reads Van Vechten;
Feeding innocuous complex
Saying:
"Tomorrow I shall surely hang myself—
Or buy that beautiful mauve frock
With the black lace and jade
Ornament—
Pendant—
Or I shall read James Branch Driscoll—
Or is it Sherwood Lawrence?
Damn!
Infected fiction spread in a green paste
On our cursory lives
Rots the obitition
Of
Our
Subconscious.
Conciliate the artless masses—
Pour sanctimony down an enamelled sink.
Make him SAINT FREUD!
Ah, Hell!
Just Hell.
Kashin Carrie

The reason why Empire grievances are so readily dispelled at Imperial Conferences, is that so few real grievances exist.

Santy's Claws

(With Apologies to Geo. Ade)

Chapter 1

Mother, Brother, Sister, more Brothers and more Sisters, Our Maid, The Dog, That Cat, in Other Words, the Whole Family except Father, were Planning what they Were Going to have for Christmas. Mother Dear only Wanted a Fur Coat, Brother simply Had to Have a New Saxophone, Sister's half-concealed Desire was for a Chiffon Dress, more Brothers and more Sisters had already Chosen Dolls, Soldiers, Electric Trains, Paints, Lots of Games, Tons of Candy, and Just a Few Other Things as their Gehenna for the Festal Season. Our Maid (her Name was Lizzie) shyly Sighed for Some Silk Leg-wear (which Mike, the Cop, could Admire), the Dog had dreamed the Juicy Bones to Conquer, That Cat considered (it Might be said Modestly) That a Blue Ribbon wouldn't Look Too Badly at All. The Only Conk in the Well-oiled Thought Machinery was that They Did not know how To Get all These Things.

Brother thought that the Old Man Might Come Across for Once, but The Whole Family knew that he Would Not Cough Up because Times were Hard and Money was Scarce. Mother didn't Think at All; She wasn't made for Thinking; She Just went Right Ahead and Talked without doing Anything so Tiring as That. Finally one of the more Brothers conceived what he Said was a Brilliant Idea! Briefly This was That. Big Brother should Dress up as the Old Red Fellow (himself) and climb Down the Chimney with the Presents which could all be Charged at The Store. Even Father would be Surprised at That. The Idea Just Carried its Second Reading by the Narrow Majority of Ten to Nothing and the Wonderful Gifts were Bought and Charged to The Bill which Was Then only About a Thousand Dollars.

Chapter 2

Father came From Business to his Happy Home early the Night Before. There had been No Contracts for the Last Three Months, and Father was Very Sad, Extremely So, Nevertheless, Notwithstanding and Withal, he had Scraped Together a Few Things for his Hungry Folk. My Family, thought the Poor Man, will not have Much Of a Christmas this Year. (Little Did he Know).

Mother didn't say Very Much to him That Night. Now This was Very Unusual; but He didn't Lose Any Sleep over it. The Next Morning Just after Breakfast, when they were All Sitting in Front of the Open Fire, a Funny Noise was Heard in the Chimney on the Other Side of the Room. Mother said Nothing, but went on Knitting. Sister and more Brothers and Sisters tried to Stop Giggling. They Almost Succeeded; the Noise grew Louder.

Soon a Crash was Heard and a Big Black Body fell onto Father who Had Been Looking up the Chimney. When the Dust had Cleared Away, the Distracted Man saw a Portly Form open a Large Bag and Take Out some Nice-looking Things. When Santa started to Give Out the Articles Father looked Enquiringly at Mother, but she was Very Busy with the Fur Coat. Father decided that Perhaps he was Going Mad!

The Things had all been Given Away, Our Maid had her Silk Gappings, Sister had That Dress, more Brothers and Sisters were already Tearing the Heads off the Dolls and Smearing the Wall Paper with Paint, when Santa helped Father to His Feet and Gave Him a Long Package. His Loving Family looked On as he Opened the Above Container. Underneath the Cover were Two nice Handkerchiefs and a Yellow Tie; Also a Piece of Paper. Father Read the Paper once, then He Read it Twice, then He Saw Red. (The Papers wondered How Such a Crazy Man should be Allowed to Mutilate his Family So in such a Civilized Country).

MORAL: "Let He who Earns, Spend," or "Every Worm Turns."

New Year's at Home

Science '26-'27 and holding their annual New Year's "At Home" at Victoria Hall, Westmount this year. Fred Gross's orchestra will play. Science men and their friends are particularly invited while members of other faculties will be welcomed according to the committee which consists of the following: T. Ross Keene, Walter John, P. T. Danford, Jr., Meredith F. Dixon and H. Hamilton Little.

WHAT'S ON

TODAY

5.15—Indoor Baseball Meeting.
7.30—Choral Society Practice.
8.15—Victoria-McGill Senior Hockey.

COMING

Dec. 21st.
Last day of lectures.
Junior Hockey.

Dec. 26th.
Macc. Study Group.

Dec. 27th.
Nat. Conf. S.C.M. opens.

Jan. 5th.
Lectures.

Jan. 7th.
First 1927 Daily.

CAPITALISM IS SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION

Das And Janes Read Papers At Labor Club

LIVELY DISCUSSION

Imperialism and Concentration of Industry and Capital is Scored

"There is very little doubt about the decay of capitalist civilization," stated B. O. Y. Das in the course of a paper on "The Trend of Capitalism" before the Labor Club at a meeting of the Club held on Friday evening. "It is left to the Labor Party and to labor theoreticians to point out the way to peace and international concord," continued the speaker. The first paper of the evening was presented by Henry Janes, B.A., a graduate student in the Department of Economics.

Speaking on the growth and development of modern Capitalism, Janes pointed out that with the growth of towns in the fifteenth century a new meaning was attached to capital. Exchange and the advantages to be derived from it grew. The Mercantilists with their ideas of "treasure" arose and added new weight to capital. After 1710 the Industrial System began and the growth of factories caused an enormous influx of laborers from the rural districts. These were attracted both by the steady wages and the lure of amusements that could be obtained in the towns.

In the second paper Das delivered a scathing denunciation of present day Imperialism. He showed how modern industry from beginning as small enterprise on the part of individual capitalists has branched out into trusts and combines who control the output and markets of the whole world. These combines aided by their limitless resources waged a relentless war on all competition.

(Continued on page eight)

How I Spent Christmas

At last the long-awaited hour has come, children! I can announce the results of our wonderful competition for all children 16 years and under, for an essay on "How I spent Christmas." We are so pleased to state that replies from all over the world have been sent in, and we take another dose of pleasure in printing a few of the most pleasing attempts. Here is the winning essay:

HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS

By Hoosa Wildman, Borneo
Oh, the delight of Xmas! How it pervades the air! The smell of tenderloin steak and plum pudding abounds! Our missionary told us about xmas, and urged us to celebrate (I think master Wildman means celebrate—Ed.) xmas by having the best dinner we could concoct.

So we served him up hot with beans and coffee, and oh! he was delicious. I had a bit of the back steak and it was tender. My sister had a tuff joint though, she had the sweetbreads and she said it tasted like wood, but I guess she didn't have enough of the xmas spirit. There wasn't quite enough of him to go round, but we captured a nice intoxicated sailor who was tougher than our first joint but made us all feel fine and staggered there was so much alcohol in his system.

The new missionary is very handsome and he says we are feeding him to death, but there is measles in our madness.

HOOSA WILDMAN

The second prize went to Mary No. Sheep, of New South Wales, Australia.

HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS

By Mary No. Sheep.
Dear Uncle Chawlie, we had a very happy time last Christmas. Everybody was happy. We just had to be happy. The government (government, Mary...Ed.) makes it compulsory for everyone to be happy and everyone who isn't happy is 'punished' with much severeness. (severely, Mary...Ed.)
We had roasted Kangaroo with

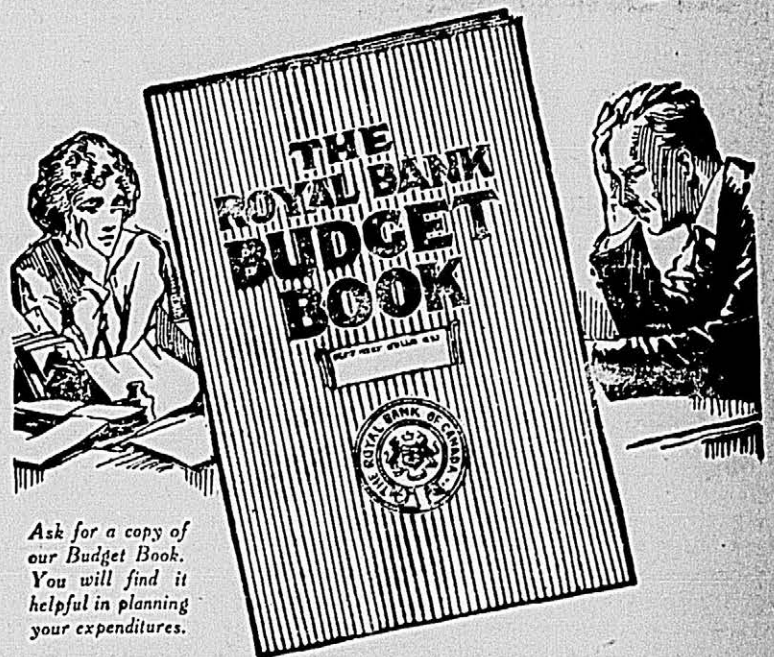
rabbit tail-puffs stuck all over it and it was very nice. I had one leg and my brother had the other leg, the hind legs I mean. I could only get through a yard of mine, but my brother finished all his. He is dead.
We cut off the kangaroo's pouch and fixed it up and gave it to daddy, for a tobacco pouch and oh he was pleased. (exclamation point, Mary...Ed.)

Now this, dear children is the third prize, sent in by A. Cowboy, Texas.
HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS

By A. Cowboy
We all got together at the Hot Dog pool room on December 25 and had a regular heave of and time, sure we did. I gave my father a revolver and my father gave me a revolver and I gave my brother a revolver and he gave me a revolver and everybody gave everybody else revolvers, and then the prop. of the pool room gave us some ammunition and we all got ready, sure we did.

The xmas dinner wasn't too bad, but when we got to the jawbone, Zeke Zitner made a wisecrack about Eden, Adam havin' a jawbone of an ass, and that started a fight and we all had a good time good day.

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GLOVES, \$2.00 to \$12.00
SWEATERS, \$6.00 to \$20.00
PYJAMAS, \$3.50 to \$12

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R.V.C. BASKETBALL TEAMS BEAT MAC

McGill Girls Displayed Improvement Since Last Games

41-18, 38-13

Both Macdonald College Teams Showed Effect of Insufficient Practice

R. V. C. first and second basketball teams both won their games against the girls from Macdonald on Saturday in the Girls' Gym of the Montreal High School. The first team won 41-18 and the second 38-13.

The R. V. C. showed much improvement since their last contest. The team work was much better than at any previous time. Miss Cartwright declared herself very pleased with the improvement shown. The work of the centres was particularly good.

The Macdonald college team displayed the effect of insufficient practice for it is only during the last three weeks that they have been playing. Then the players are strange to each other, a new team having to be built up each year. In spite of these disadvantages they played very creditable ball.

The game between the first teams was the fastest, being most exciting with quick fast passing and some clever interception of the ball. The pace was fast in both periods, but superior passing and team work and more accurate and deliberate shooting by the R. V. C. gave them the game rather easily, 41-18.

The game between the second teams was slower but for the first period, closer. After the intermission however the R. V. C. showed more life and soon ran away with the game by a final score of 38-13.

The game was refereed by Miss Beathote of Macdonald College and Miss Wain of the department of physical education at R. V. C. The only drawback to two very good games was the lack of supporters, few being present to cheer on the teams.

The line-ups:

MACDONALD	R. V. C.
Shots	
1. Montagne	N. McMartin
3. Clack	B. Carter
Guards	
11. Little	J. Ross
W. Asselaine	A. Morton
Centre	
1. Britain	K. Runnells
Wing	
3. Jackson	M. Ross
Second teams:	
MACDONALD	R. V. C.
Shots	
J. Selford	P. Perry
R. Nichol	J. Snyder
Guards	
B. Gaberton	J. Fairbairn
J. Sharpe	D. Ross
Centre	
P. MacBanney	B. Fernyhough
Wing	
J. Stevenson	E. Johnson

STANFORD NAMED CHAMPIONS

Placed First Among Teams by Dickinson Rating System

Leland Stanford University of Palo Alto, California has won first place in the Dickinson national football rating system. Illinois followers probably knew that Dickinson rating better than the average sports reader and realize the great improvements it has made over the present inadequate percentage standings.

By comparing the conference standings throughout the country by the means of inter-sectional games Mr. Dickinson has declared Stanford the winners of the national trophy given by R. L. Rissman of Chicago.

The standings:

POS.	TEAM	RATING
1	Leland Stanford	22.50
2	Navy	21.85
3	Michigan	21.25
4	Notre Dame	21.25
5	Lafayette	20.00
6	Southern Calif.	17.50
7	Alabama	16.67
8	Ohio State	16.25
9	Army	14.38
10	Brown	13.75
10	Northwestern	13.75
10	Illinois	13.75
10	Pennsylvania	13.75

SWIMMERS RETURN

The Canadian intercollegiate swimming team, composed of four McGill and five Varsity men, has returned from its American invasion, having been defeated twice and victorious once below the line.

The Canadians fell before the Yale aquatic stars who established a commanding lead in the meet. At Brown the contest was closer, and at Syracuse where the northerners won, it was closer still. Lorenzo of Toronto captained the invaders while Petzold of McGill was manager. The McGill men on the trip were Bourne, Carlholm, Gibbons and Marcoux.

"What do you think of the Museum of Art?"
"Oh, the pictures are good enough, but there ain't no good jokes in under them."

Intercollegiate Athletics Must Be Maintained On An Absolutely Amateur Basis

Editor's Note: The following is the third of a series of interviews with Coach Fielding H. Yost, director of intercollegiate athletics, at the University of Michigan, dealing with the present problems in connection with the administration of intercollegiate sports. These articles are appearing in The Michigan Daily.

In relation to the question whether a college game has become a big business, which was recently raised and effectively answered in the athletic memorandum of John L. Griffith, commissioner of athletics in the Big Ten, Fielding H. Yost, in a recent interview, declared that "professionalism has to do with the players themselves." "It has no connection," he continued, "to the management of athletics; charges of that nature are called 'commercialism,' and were sufficiently answered in a recent interview."

"In order to properly serve their purpose in education, athletics must be maintained on an absolutely amateur basis. This opinion does not mean that great numbers should not see the contests, nor that large gate receipts, if properly used, are detrimental. On the contrary, this income makes it possible to administer a program more nearly as it should be administered; for an extensive plant, much equipment, and a competent staff are necessary if we are to provide a program of physical training for all the students, as should be the aim. Incomes from inter-school contests furnish the funds with which to supply some of these necessities and to that extent lessen the burden of taxation which would otherwise have to provide for physical education in its entirety," Coach Yost said.

"No boy should be permitted to play on any school team who has in any way used his athletic skill for mercenary gain. In enlarging on this belief, the coach added that fundamentally all amateur athletics are based on the principle of 'play for play's sake; the theory of every game is to gain a given goal by overcoming whatever obstacles present themselves. To a greater or lesser degree all tendencies toward professionalism commercialize this ideal of overcoming obstacles for the sake of the satisfaction that comes with success, and to that extent rob it of much of its keenest satisfaction."

"The influence of athletic professionalism," continued Coach Yost, "tends to make a boy dissatisfied to play the game for his own sake and leads him to look upon his athletic prowess as a marketable commodity rather than a means of recreation and self-expression. When this takes place many of the very important character building qualities are immediately lost. The ideas of generous service, loyalty, sacrifice and wholehearted devotion to a cause are all taken away. Any trace of his spirit would tend to destroy the real purposes of athletics and must not be tolerated."

PHYSICAL EDS LOST BASKETBALL GAMES

Y.W.C.A. Girls Victorious, 28-14 and 37-21

On Friday evening in the R. V. C. Convocation Hall the Y. W. C. A. basketball team met and defeated the representatives of the McGill School of Physical Education.

The McGill team opened the scoring when the Y were given a penalty at the first toss, but the blue and white girls followed quickly with a field basket. The score was fairly even during the first half with the Y having a slight edge over their opponents and the penalties awarded were few and at the beginning of the game. The shots at the end of the first half were Y. W. C. A. 12 and M. S. P. 8.

During the second half the Y girls played a splendid game. Their passing was quick and accurate and the shots found the basket with little or no trouble. The Physical Eds fought hard but were unable to find the basket and at the final whistle the Y were leading 28-14.

The Y. W. C. A. second team were also successful in defeating the M. S. P. E. second team by almost the same margin as in the first game.

The team work was good and the play fast, but both teams had many penalties called on them. The Y girls were never pressed very hard, winning easily 27 to 21 but the game was good up to the last whistle. The referees were Miss Alexander and Miss Wain.

Exhibit A: Statistics show that five out of every ten college men get married within two years after graduation.

Exhibit B: And the other five live happily ever after.

—Ex.

HELWIG ELECTED SOCCER CAPTAIN

Estall Chosen Manager at Club's Annual Meeting

The McGill Soccer Club held its annual meeting last Friday and elected the officers of the Club for the season 1927-8. Honorary President Charles H. Seaton; Captain G. V. Helwig; Manager, H. M. Estall; Asst-Manager Allister Watt.

The team will lose four players through graduation. Messrs. Moffatt, Kelland, Scott and Amaron are all in their final years. These players have been very prominent in the success of the team during the last three years. With the exception of Amaron, who has played the last two years they have been on the Intercollegiate Championship teams for three years.

New players on the team and the substitutes who have practised regularly during the season have shown excellent ability, and the coach Mr. Hay Finlay should have little difficulty picking another championship team for the season 1927-8.

After the last Intercollegiate fixture a meeting of the Canadian Intercollegiate Soccer Union was held and at that meeting Larry Giovando of the McGill soccer team was chosen President of the Union.

All players on the team are asked to return all equipment today to Mr. Hay Finlay's office on University St.

POPE HIGH SCORER

Made a Possible at Last Indoor Rifle Shoot

The outstanding score made at last Saturday's shoot of the Indoor Rifle Club was that of J. M. Pope who made a possible. He was closely followed by the other members. The attendance

was smaller than usual due to the fact that many had left for the holidays.

The next practice will probably be on the first Saturday after school reopens, in the range of the Montreal High. Several handicap spoon shoots will be held soon after, followed by the match with the R.V.C. The first intercollegiate match will be held in February. In this all the members shoot, the ten men making the best scores composing the team.

The executive in outlining the conditions of membership state that anyone having a connection with McGill is eligible to join, whether he previously shot or not. There are plenty of experienced men, they claim who are always willing to teach newcomers unfamiliar with rifles how to handle them.

Saturday's scores were: J. M. Pope—100; R. K. Martin—97; W. H. Moore—97; D. R. Patton—97; J. A. Ogilvy—95; R. F. Felder—91; G. L. Mateson—88; B. A. Evans—87.

J. W. HAYWARD

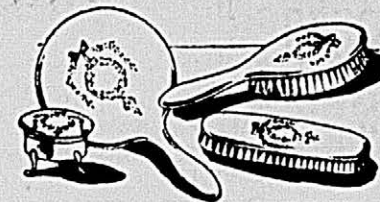
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ALL-STARS TIED MCGILL SENIOR BASKETBALLERS

Exciting Game At Y.M.H.A. Ended In A
Draw

SCORE 25 TO 25

Laidlaw Played Well—Shooting of Both Teams Poor—
Oswald Tower Officiated

By staging a startling offensive during the dying moments of the game the all-star basketball quintette forced McGill to a tie at the Y. M. H. A. Saturday evening. The final score was 25-25. McGill were leading 20 to 11 with only eight minutes to go and it looked like another red and white victory but the all-stars suddenly came to life and within the twinkling of an eye added eight points to their side of the score board to leave them one point down.

But the red and white had not finished fighting and in an effort to reorganize their rapidly witting forces they called time out. Then they went at it again. Quackenbush starting the McGill rally by scoring a free shot. Melville duplicated the feat a minute later and McGill were still only one point ahead. Captain Errol Amaron rushed up the floor and after a pretty passing exhibition by the redmen he counted on one of the most remarkable shots of the evening. But the lead was short-lived. Silver netted two in quick succession and with only seconds remaining the all-stars were leading for the first time during the game.

But the contest was by no means finished. Sacks swept up the floor and dropped one in to again give McGill the upper hand and the score was 25 to 24. McGill however had a foul called upon them and Rachelesky made the most of the occasion and succeeded in tying the score. Then the two squads went at it again, both upper hand, but it was of no use and before either side had a chance to get into scoring position the gong signifying the end of the period has sounded.

It was then 10.40 and as the referee Mr. Oswald Tower of the international basketball rules committee, had to catch a train at 11 o'clock he stated that it would be impossible for him to officiate during any over time periods. A conference thereupon resulted between the management and the coaches and it was decided to call the game rather than continue under a different official. Thus ended McGill's pre-season basketball season. The result of the game was a bitter set back to the hopes of the redmen who had visions of coming through the early exhibitions with four straight victories to their credit. Yet it might have been worse for the seniors have as yet an unsullied record; they have not tasted defeat.

Saturday's battle was a fast titanic one. McGill were pitted against the best basketballers that the city and district could supply. They were playing on a small floor where passing meant little so that the red and white possessed little advantage on account of any lack of team play of the opposing players. Both teams were decidedly weak when it came to shooting and it would be hard to say which squad missed the most baskets. McGill started out well in both periods but seemed to find it difficult to hold any lead that they obtained. Twice the red and white were leading by five points during the first half but with only a minute to go the score was tied at 11 all. Then Sacks accepted a beautiful pass from Amaron and just before the half-time whistle blew found himself uncovered beneath the all-stars' basket. He threw and as the period ended McGill were on the long end of a 13 to 11 score.

Beginning well again in the second period McGill ran up seven points before all-stars had added a point only to again weaken and crack before the attack of the satellites' forwards.

Undoubtedly the best man on the floor was Laidlaw of the M. A. A. A. and a close second to him was Melville. Keate Burham also put up a good game although he did not score a point. Unfortunately however he was forced out of the play shortly after the beginning of the second period when he had his fourth personal foul called upon him.

Unlike in the other three games there was no outstanding man on the McGill team as far as scoring was concerned. All the McGill players seem to be able to score—the only trouble is that they don't score often enough. Sacks and Amaron were probably the most effective men for McGill Saturday but several other members of the red and white squad were not far behind they were not consistent enough they would exhibit flashes of real form only to wilt and let themselves drop into a listless attitude.

The all-stars scored 10 field goals against McGill's seven while the red and white netted 11 out of the 22 free shots they tried. The all-stars made 5 of their 11 attempts for single points. Needless to say the game was efficiently handled. One of the most interesting features from the

Intercollegiate Football A Few Of Its Problems And Possible Solutions

(By D. A. L. MacDonald)

One year ago today when the Christmas issue of 1925 appeared, it contained an article on football reform which among other things pointed out the lop-sided condition of the Canadian game and suggested a solution for the problem. Although the suggestions were not included among the rules when the committee met that winter, the game, nevertheless, improved a good deal this fall. It was, in the first place, more open—something that the games last year were decidedly not. But notwithstanding the open play, the old trouble was still evident; the defense was too strong for the offense. Sensational end runs, which were borne to success by gambling plays in the backfield, served to open up the game a bit, but play nevertheless remained lop-sided and the defending team always held the advantage. In more than one contest, play developed into a kicking game with both sides waiting for the other to make the first break. This was particularly evident when Queen's met Varsity in Kingston in the game that forced the three-cornered tie in the series. For three periods, neither squad would take a chance on opening up and result was probably the dulllest affair that a football fan would care to watch. Other contests were partially ruined by the same reluctance on the part of the weaker squad who took to kicking on the first down rather than smash their heads fruitlessly against a stonewall secondary defense.

Many suggestions for improvement have been made and when the rules committee met in Toronto at the end of January, the greatest problem facing them will probably be that of striking a balance between the defense and the attack. Of the many under consideration, the following might be helpful as suggestions:

- 1.—The abolition of the onside kick and the substitution in its place of an onside pass explained in detail below.
- 2.—The abolition of the position of flying wing.
- 3.—Four downs and five to ten yards interference.
- 4.—A Freshman rule.

It might not be a bad idea, too, to consider the following suggested changes:

- 1.—Revision of the rule book.
- 2.—Conversion of touchdowns from scrimmage is one of the five ways outlined below.
- 3.—Abolition of the convert entirely.
- 4.—A third official on the field.
- 5.—Start the games earlier in the season.
- 6.—An early choice of officials for the next season's games.

The abolition of the onside kick and the substitution of an onside pass is a subject that has been discussed a good deal already this year. The onside kick has proven a hopeless failure but the quest for a play to take its place has been an equally hopeless one. In the first place, there are more crimes committed during an onside kick than in a bootlegger's war in Chicago. Again, the play is too obvious both from the opposition and the spectators' point of view. Lastly, it rarely works.

An onside pass would do much to open up the game. Such a play has been outlined by Major Forbes, and were it adopted in intercollegiate football, would do a great deal to open up the game. The Major's pass bears little resemblance to the American play in that it cannot be used inside the opponent's 40-yard line and when not completed is treated like a kick. Play is not brought back if the ball is intercepted or is made dead by an opposing player knocking it to earth. It is treated simply as a punt with the three-yard tackle and the offside rules affecting it as in the kick.

Two things are in its favor. In the first place it gives to a defending team a play to relieve the tension when in possession near their own goal line. Line-bucking after the first down is

point of spectators and players alike was that Mr. Tower gave a reason for each and every one of his decisions. MCGILL

ALL-STAR

R. Forward
Sacks Abramovitch
(Y. M. H. A.)

L. Forward
Hayden Silver
(Y. M. H. A.)

Centre
Faulkner Laidlaw
(M. A. A. A.)

R. Guard
Amaron Burnham
(Westward)

L. Guard
Quackenbush Hastings
(Westward)

Subs
Grossman Homer
(Westward)

Weldon Melville
(M. A. A. A.)

Johnson Godsell
(M. A. A. A.)

Referee—Oswald Tower
Scoring—McGill Grossman 5; Sacks 5; Quackenbush 4; Amaron 4; Faulkner 3; Hayden 2; Weldon 1; All Stars—Laidlaw 9; Melville 5; Silver 5; Abramovitch 4; Rachelesky 2.

your own part of the field is generally considered madness and the only alternative is too kick. The defending team generally finds the kick returned to them and the business of getting out begins all over again. Then, too, the play puts into the game a threat that weakens the secondary defense. This year, when the play was tried out in the Old Boys' game, it was at once rebarked that when the opposing defense sensed that a pass followed by a quick line buck usually was a good ground gainer in consequence and in this alone the onside pass seemed to justify itself. In that game, only two were completed of the many tried, due to the strangeness of the play to those using it, but everyone agreed that it was just as great a play from the spectators' point of view.

The second suggestion, that of abolishing the flying wing, is certain to arouse a storm of disapproval. It would reduce the team to an eleven-man outfit which, it will be pointed out, is not much like the American game. And we don't want any American plays in Canadian football, say the critics with patriotic fervor. Headgear and shoulder-eraps are also so-called American (Continued on page seven)

HOCKEY SQUAD

The following will report at the Forum for the game with Victorias tonight: St. Germain, Mickles, McMahon, McGerrigle, Laishley, Arnold, Bell, Blinco, D. Smith and Paul Smith.

Hockey practices at the Forum this week will be as follows: Wednesday, 5 to 6; Friday, 2 to 3.

HOCKEY SENIORS PLAY VICTORIAS

McGill Will Attempt to Break
into Win Column Tonight

McGill's senior hockey team tonight meets the Victorias for the second time this season, when the red and white will attempt to break into the Q.A. H.A. win column. In their first encounter, Victorias triumphed over the collegians who have been twice defeated by the St. Francois-National six. The latter beat Victorias when they first met, but in the second encounter could only draw with them. McGill in their last game with the Frenchmen showed marked improvement over their playing in the earlier contests, and are therefore conceded some chance of scoring their first victory tonight.

Shaughnessy's sub list has been weakened through the suspension of Mitchell, but all the regulars and the rest of the subs are expected to go into action against the Victoria team. The contest is a McGill home game. Consequently athletic tickets will be honored. Coupon number 14 will admit students to the Forum.

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must be standard lettering
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may be obtained from Miss Heasley
at the Union
PRIZES—First \$10; Second \$5; Third
Tickets

MCGILL SKIERS WON AT U. OF M. MEET

Carried off Three Cups on
Saturday

FRED TAYLOR WON

Thompson Came Second —
Red and White Also Took
Team Trophy

The McGill University Ski Club opened the winter sport season in an auspicious manner Saturday afternoon at the invitation cross-country run of the newly-formed University of Montreal Ski Club. The five red and white representatives entered in the contest carried off three of the five cups up for competition. The sixth prize was only open to University of Montreal students.

The cross-country meet was the first ever held under the auspices of the University of Montreal and it was also the initial run of the year. Very cold weather, sufficient snow and a fast track greeted the thirty-six men entered in the contest. The starting point was at the corner of Maple Avenue and Bellingham Road on the new U. of M. Property. This is a beautiful site situated behind the mountain which has been recently purchased by the French University. It is intended to eventually build a football stadium and hockey arena on this property and the whole university will also be transferred there within the next twenty years.

There were six cups up for competition, all being presented by friends of the University of Montreal. The skiers were divided into two classes, senior and intermediate. There was a prize for those placing first and second in each of these classes and one for the first U. of M. student. The sixth award went to the team having the most men represented among the first ten to finish.

The McGill entrants won the team cup by placing four men among the first ten while Fred Taylor came first in the senior class and Bill Thompson second. J. Brabander another McGill representative was just one minute behind Thompson. The other two McGill skiers were tenth and eleventh in the race.

Fortier of the University of Montreal won the student cup. He placed nineteenth. Duchastel of the Alpine Club of America was the surprise of the afternoon. This unknown eighteen year-old skier made the best time and took the first place in the intermediate section. His time was 22:10. H. Brabander of the Montreal Ski Club won the second intermediate prize by coming third.

Leonard Lehan did not finish when he found that he was terribly out of condition. Another M.S.C. man, Keith Oliver had a bad afternoon and came

sixteenth. The course was a two and a half mile one each entry being forced to run over the same course twice. Seven ski clubs were represented.

The University of Montreal, in view of the success of Saturday's meet, intend holding another one

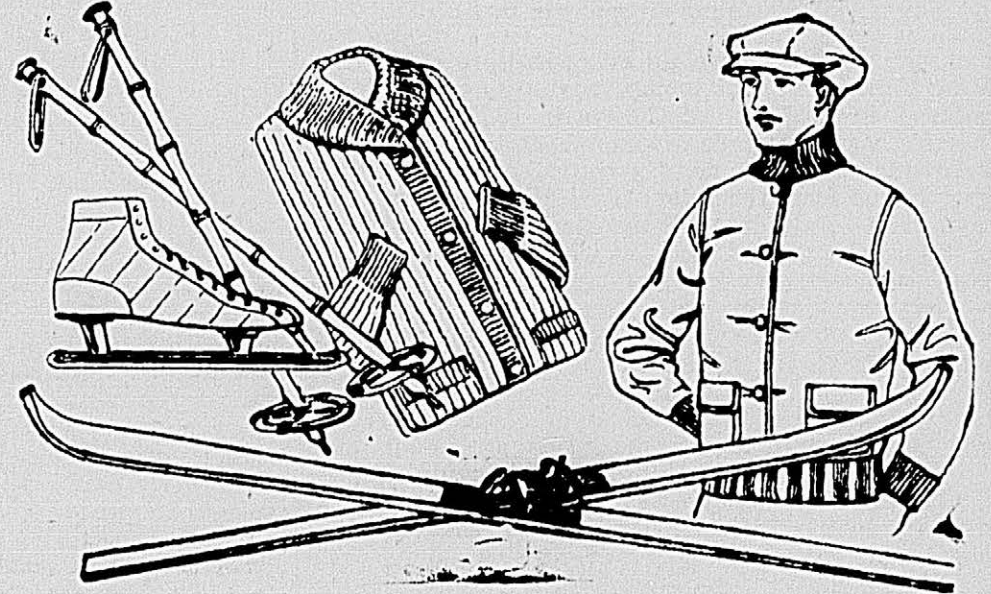
some time in February.

The first ten to finish were:

Name	Club	Class	Time
Duchastel, J.	Alpine of	Int.	22:10
	America		
Taylor, Fred	McGill	Sr.	23:25
Brabander, H.	M.S.C.	Int.	23:40

Thompson, W. B.	McGill	Sr.	25:45
Brabander, J.	McGill	Int.	26:45
Senecal, Geo.	Citadel	Int.	26:50
Gagnier, L.	M.S.C.	Sr.	27:00
Wilson, C. E. T.	M.S.C.	Sr.	27:07
Beaubien, C.	Loyola	Int.	27:10
Johnson, E.	McGill	Sr.	27:25

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Ski Poles. Each 95c, 1.50 and 1.75

—Fourth Floor.

Skating and Hockey Boots. 7.50.

Sweaters of jumbo knit. Grey, Camel and McGill colors. Coat style 8.50 and pullover styles. 8.00

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Ski-ing Caps. Regulation style in blue cloth. 2.00

Aluminum Tubular Skates. 4.00

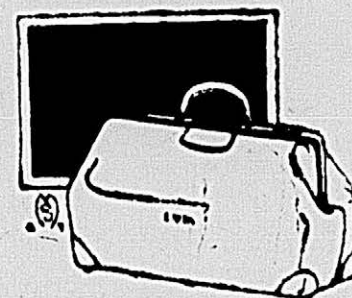
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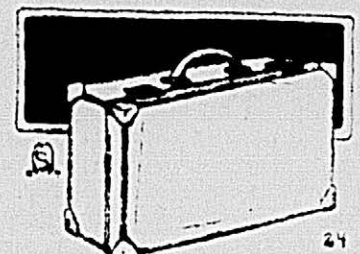
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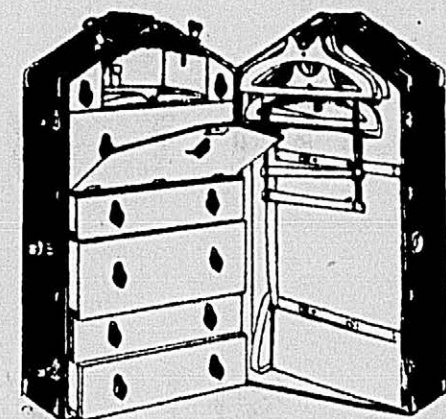
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The Price Of Peace

(Continued from page one)

upon her head a shower of shells. But the small nation is still suspicious. She smarts under the limits imposed upon her by the Versailles Treaty—the work of the great powers.

About the only enduring thing in the Treaty of Versailles is the first 26 articles giving birth to the League of Nations. The rest of it is beneath a wise man's regard and until revised offers a priceless incentive to war. It chopped up Europe like an amateur woodsman, flinging boundaries between a farmer's fields and his homestead and cutting the sinews of industry like the lash of a whip. It left Hungary contemplating the future with the wild surmise of a child surveying an empty stocking on Christmas morning. It ensnared Peace by strangling the Dove. What could be expected therefore to follow 1919 but bitter resentment and unrest?

VERSAILLES TREATY SUSPENDS PEACE

We have seen then that absolute Peace in Europe is withheld by the law of Versailles. But momentous steps forward were made at Locarno in 1925 and at Geneva in 1926. The Rhine frontier at least, has been made a zone of safety, Germany has entered the League of Nations and the control of her armaments has been transferred from the Inter-Allied Military Commission to the Geneva body. Italy does not threaten the Peace. Mussolini is a politician who repays those on whom he leans with the language of a Bonaparte, while transforming a swamp of Bolshevism into a bulwark of progress. The snake in the grass is Russia. She provides the only just excuse for Europe remaining heavily under arms. We must pray then for the education of the Russians for on it much of the world's Peace depends.

The same can be said of China, the last real source of apprehension. The time must come when her prestige will equal that of the British Empire or the United States. The mantle of world leadership has fallen successively on every great people from the River Tigris west to the Pacific coast. But this movement of history is not conclusive proof of China's future ascendancy. The gauge of leadership is not the man-power of a state but its contribution to civilization. And there remains a profound lack of recent evidence testifying to the originality of the Orient. Her numbers however, should at least be a warning that she is not likely to lie forever passive under the heel of foreign commercial domination. Again, her natural tendency to expand into empty Australia and elsewhere and her development of a fuller race consciousness, will present one of the gravest difficulties with which posterity will have to deal.

But the problems confronting governments had changed before the debauched decade was over. They ceased to be purely political and became vitally economic. The result is that financiers and economists have become the physicians of international ills rather than ambassadors and foreign secretaries. The former, in the Dawes Plan, the Austro-Hungarian loans and the Bankers' Manifesto, have given Europe one of the best tonics she has had since the politicians gave her Versailles colic in 1919. Her network of impossible boundaries, thrown into relief by high customs barriers, constitutes a serious menace. That this threat of tariffs forms a suicidal policy was amply revealed in the Bankers' Manifesto, and until Europe sees the futility of trying to suspend economic laws and live in self-contained sections, she will not have paid the full price of Peace.

WORLD LEADERS DENIED TO LABOR

In what direction, we might ask at this point, is organized labor likely to lead the world? It was federated internationally about 1912 with a membership of some 7,400,000 workers. The World War saw its complete disruption followed by reorganization in 1919, and at the end of 1920 the Federation had 23,662,000 members, in spite of the secession of the American Federation of Labor and other units. The color of this world union however, was too pale for the fire-eyed denizens of the Soviet and so in 1920 the Third International arrived in crimson opposition, with an alleged membership of some 15,000,000. Repudiated generally by workers in Great Britain, Germany, Italy and America, its success would not appear to be as rosy as its color.

It thus seems highly doubtful if organized labor ever will lead the world. Split by a variety of aims in every federation and state union, it drops easily into the ruts of the particular nationalism to which it belongs. Labor's common hope of abolishing capitalism and placing the control of industry in the hands of its worker armies savors more of class hatred than a desire to alleviate suffering. While it is quite true, as its program states, that "there can never be real Peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life," there is, nevertheless, the dangerous possibility that if these millions of working people were all to share in the direction of industry, the result might be the collapse of the whole edifice and give rise to worse conditions than exist at present. Labor must give some assurance that her control will equal that of the men through whose brains her means of subsistence has developed.

The capitalists are not an hereditary class; neither are they all men of selfish motives any more than the officials of labor are all men of angelic impulse. A despot is a despot whether a trade union leader or a captain of industry. Labor and capital both have ability but there is a predominance on the side of the latter, since in the eternal sifting of human relations those with less ability fall to the bottom and those with more remain on top, and it is inevitable that those on the bottom should look up for leadership. Only in extensive education, which can be aided by capital, and in cooperation, which lies in the hands of both, can Peace be maintained between the levels of society.

PEACE DEPENDENT ON LEAGUE

We are on the threshold of a new era. In every nation the Will to Peace is manifest as never before. The deliberations of cabinets and councils are more and more occupied with plans to reduce their armaments and make international Peace possible. Disarmament was the exclusive dream of idealists in 1914; now it is the intimate concern of every government. The obstacles to Peace are being studied by international committees with a sincerity that must eventually draw sympathetic response from people of all countries. The League of Nations ensures the continuous prosecution of the task. It focuses the burning light of world criticism on all who stand in the way. It provides an outlet for misunderstanding and hate and prevents the explosion which invariably attends their development. It strikes at the very heart of these two agents of war in its collection and distribution of vital knowledge among its members. Misunderstanding is the root of conflict. Suspicion fastens itself to a country whose movements are obscure. But when nations understand one another they are prone to forgive. And forgiveness invites trust: the only foundation on which Peace can be built.

Geneva is the rallying point not only of nations but of races. It is the common Mecca of every religion. Let us hope that man's advancement in knowledge has been attended by an equal growth in wisdom. He has at last gained possession of an ideal which combines the goodwill of Confucius and Gautama and the universality of Christ. The League of Nations stands, even more than Christianity, as the symbol of international union. For though this was the principle on which the latter was founded, it was irretrievably destroyed when two distinct divisions set about doing the work meant for one. It is possible however, that control of the newer institution may rest in more able hands. But this time we shall all be responsible for its success or failure, since the Price of Peace is the individual Will to Peace and every man holds it in the hollow of his hand.

National Union Delegates

Among the delegates attending the National Union of Students convention which is being held at McGill during the holidays are: J. C. Oliver of U.B.C., E. D. Wilson of Alberta, G. F. Curtis of Saskatchewan, W. E.

Bagnall of Western, D.A. Andrews, Miss M. Saunders and Miss M. Rogers of Guelph, J. C. McCulley, M. K. Kenny and Miss L. Scott of Toronto. R. G. M. Gammell will be the official representative of the McGill Students' Executive Council at the convention.

Hard Waking Students

Athens Georgia—Dec. 10, 1926.—

(By Exchange Service)

Reactions of a student cramming up for exam, according to the University of Georgia:

Enters room with a weary sigh, and a high resolve to study as he has never studied before. Walks firmly to chair, and seats himself in it. Picks up book, opens it and looks about for reading list. Must be in notebook somewhere. Gets up, looks through notebook, cleans out pockets of three suits. Becomes engrossed in old theatre program. Sighs wearily. Finds reading list in pocket of third suit. Sits down again. Starts to read. Gets up. Places pillow on chair and feet on another chair. Starts to read.

Mouth feels dry. Gets drink of water. Picks out pipe with great care, fills and lights it. Settles back in chair with grin of satisfaction. Reads 15 pages. Eyes begin to water. Turns nervously to reading list, and notes with horror he has 330 pages to go. Glances at watch. Nine o'clock. Reads 10 more pages. Mechanical piano in neighboring apartment house begins to clank out "Always." Student grits teeth.

Man in next room begins to sing with piano. Student becomes exceedingly wroth. Yells to man in next room. "Shut up!" Sixteen other students join in the cry. Someone calls, "Water!" Student casts book aside and thrusts head out of window. Yells, "Water!" with the rest of them. Next half hour is devoted to bantering with Joe Grotz on the floor below. "Howya hittin'um, Joe?" "Fine!" "Howya hittin'um!" "Nota shot."

"Well, I gotta study." Chapel bell strikes 10. Student becomes nervous. "Three" hundred twenty-four pages to go. Reads madly for an hour. Gets another drink of water and lights cigarette. Wonders idly what the old buzzard will ask on the exam. Draws caricature of prof. on margin of book, and amuses himself by burning out the eyes with a cigarette. Reflects college is the bunk anyhow. Feels warm. Removes shirt. Puts on green eye-shade and wraps cold towel around head. Figures he must look like the real student now. Reads steadily for fully seven minutes. Eyes begin to get cloudy. Puts on shirt and trudges over to the delicatessen for cup of coffee.

Delicatessen clerks looks properly impressed. "Guess you fellows gotta study pretty hard, eh?" Student merely replies, "God!" gulps down coffee and goes back to room. Is firmly determined to study until 2 o'clock. Reads 15 pages. Reflects on observation made by prof. that good night's sleep is best preparation for an exam. Decides he can go to bed now, and get up early in the morn'g. Having thus squelched his conscience, prepares for bed with a sage shake of the head, and a sigh of semi-pity at being so overworked.

ARTS DEBATES TO COMMENCE TODAY

Hinds-Murray Oppose Herman-Grossman in Contest

The first of a series of Arts debates is to be held this afternoon at four in the smoking room of the Arts Building when Hinds and Murray oppose Herman and Grossman, the former taking the affirmative on the question, Resolved that the results of the Great War have tended towards the peace of the world. Professor Goforth will judge this, as well as the other Arts debates which will be held in the first week after the holidays.

The second debate will have as subject, Resolved that the leading universities of Canada should be granted the franchise of electing representatives to the Parliament of Canada. Marks and Lande will take the affirmative, Dolbrofsky and Donald the negative. In the third debate MacMillan and MacLellan will uphold the affirmative, Marler and Laflour the negative on the question, Resolved that the Imperial British Conference should be convoked annually by His Majesty, the King and be made a recognized authoritative body in the constitution of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

THE SECRET.

I shall soon unfold a Story Whose Great Shortness is its glory And the Subject of my Annal Will be How I Swam the Channel!

Well, I started Out from Dover And was only Half Way Over When my Strength began to Leave me I was in Some Hole, Believe me!

But soon I Hit upon a Plan And through my Mind the great Thought ran Just then the Crowds upon the Boat Saw water Surge into my Throat!

I gasped for Air, and Fought the Deep But how I Wished for Time to Sleep The hours Passed, an Age in Each, At length I Walked on Calais Beach!

The Sun had Gone, the Light was Dimming, How I did It? Why, by Swimming! —LORACE.

Tourist: Ah, me, a good road at last. Why is that? Farmer: Well, you see the commissioner of roads broke down here some time ago. —Ex.

IMPERIAL
TODAY AND ALL WEEK
SIX FIRST CLASS ACTS
KEITH VAUDEVILLE
ALSO
"Sweet Rosie O'Grady"
with
Shirley Mason

Red And White Revue Notes

This afternoon at five o'clock the following are requested to meet at the Union to consider important items relevant to the production:

The Misses Featherston, Gray and Lawes, R. C. Betts, Hugh Valentine, Lawrence Hart and other members of the Music Committee. It is essential that all of the above be present.

We've decked ourselves in the habiliments of nationhood, but will the other nations recognise us in our new garb?

"Man, where did you learn that tackle?"
"S'nothing, I used to go with a co-ed."—Ex.

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Store Hours 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

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A GREAT HUMAN INTEREST COMEDY
MARSHALL NEILAN'S
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"EVERYBODY'S ACTING"

The "Troupers" Life lived before the camera in a story of pathos and refreshing comedy. Cast includes:—Betty Bronson, Ford Sterling, Raymond Hitchcock, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall

Chase and Latour Co. Around the Corner
Florence and Arnold The Four Rubini Sisters
From the English in a miniature cycle of song and music
Music Halls
Myers and Hanford The Arkansas Valentines
Wyoming Four Range Harmony
Eastman and Moore A comedy novelty

Overture: THE TOY SHOP
A Christmas Fantasy by Sanborn's Synopators
Loew's Comedy Offering, Pathe News
A FEW GOOD SEATS LEFT FOR

LOEW'S MIDNITE FROLIC
12 BIG ACTS
All Seats Reserved
Orchestra and Balcony \$1.00, Boxes and Loges \$1.50

Q. A. H. A.

VICTORIA
VS.
McGILL

TO-NIGHT—FORUM
ATHLETIC COUPON NO 14

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL

(Continued from page five)

institutions, yet no one seems to have any objection to them.

The point to be stressed in the abolition of the flying wing is that it would go to make a perfect balance in the relative strength of the attack and defense. The flying wing in the game today is probably the biggest reason why end runs seldom work. On every extension run, three half-backs can be thrown into the attack and it is their business to successfully pass four men if the play is to gain ground. The fourth man is the flying wing, and what is more he cannot be used on the attack. Seldom is he a ball carrier and when he is, it is even rarer to find him used as one. His business is to break up plays not to make them. Bubs Britton is a good example of this. If all the plays that fellow broke up this fall were put end to end they would make enough touches to win a game. He also broke up enough kicks to ruin Varsity's chances for a championship for three weeks and give them a few shivers before they finally captured the championship. Twice he drew down a 25-yard penalty for his team by getting down the field before the ball and making tackles before the catcher got his hands on it. A good flying wing line Britton can make more trouble than a fox in a hen roost. What is true of Britton is true in a corresponding degree of every flying wing of every team. They are the bug-bears of attacking squads and more than any other player can be counted on to throw a monkey wrench in the machinery. Abolish the position and you are giving the attack an even chance with the defense.

The freshman rule would be a two-fold good. In the first place, every player on a senior intercollegiate team would have conclusive proof to offer that he was a bona fide student. He would have to successfully get into his second year before he could play senior rugby. No one could call him a plumber, a steamfitter or otherwise assail his virtue. After he had shown the world that he could study as well as play football he could take as many courses as he liked. Promising recruits who would thus be lured from senior teams would greatly strengthen the intermediate squads of the colleges. In the past they have been anything but strong and the cause is mainly due to the fact that they have been neglected. Only in colleges like Loyola, R. M. C. and St. Michael's where the first team is the intermediate squads have really good teams been produced. A good intermediate team means a good senior team for the following year the training of football players would be slow and well-graded and the standard of the sport would be raised accordingly. The freshmen players, too, would get their year. A rule of this sort is badly needed.

The other suggestion of for downs and interference of from five to ten yards as the "inguls" see fit is one that has been put forth before. It is doubtful if it would do a great deal of good. A clever coach working under such a rule for a year could probably think up just as strong a defense as he has at the present time. The regulation too, smatters too much of American football to get much attention from the rules committee.

Taking the other suggested innovations, a revision of the rule book would be a real one. As it stands now it is, in parts, one of the finest pieces of imaginative literature that we Canadians have ever produced. The clause on the three-yard interference is a good example of this. It was so good that at the beginning of the season just finished, a meeting of coaches and what it did mean. According to the referees was called to find out just ruling laid down at the meeting, it was supposed to mean three yards in advance of the line of scrimmage. What about three yards behind the line of scrimmage? No interference was to be allowed. We shall refrain from facetious comment and pass on to the next.

Converting touchdowns from scrimmage instead of not converting them by aiming drops at the uprights would go a long way to justify the convert. A try could be converted from scrimmage in any one of the following five ways: A field goal, a place kick, a line buck, an end run or an onside pass as outlined above. It should be converted from the spot when the touch was scored; in the case of the play starting from outside the twenty-five yard line as on the long end run, it could be converted from the twenty-five yard line at the point where the runner crossed that line. This system may have its faults but at that it is better than the prevailing one. Of the thirteen touches scored by the three teams in the intercollegiate this year, only three were converted. Surely the new system could do better than that. If it were found inadequate, it might be well to abolish the convert altogether. During the last season, it came pretty nearly to the point where it was a gesture of no importance. The scheduled games might be started a week earlier so that the final ones would not clash with the hockey dates. Football is a fall sport and should not be played on the snow. It is too bad that we have to utter platitudes on this particular point. A third official (besides the linesman) would mitigate against the

line decisions on the touchline especially when the line has been washed out by rain. The third official could stay down under kicks and save the referee the trouble of getting there too late.

If the officials were chosen earlier in the season, the best ones would not be grabbed up by the Interprovincial Union.

HITCH YOUR WAGON TO OLD MCGILL

Hitch your wagon to a star, A great Philosopher once said, But stars are millions of miles away, And the old Philosopher is dead. As I desire an education, I think that I have a plan, Hitch your wagon to old McGill, And train to be a man.

Hitch your wagon to Old McGill, You'll find intelligent teams and strong, Build your wagon with will and oak, Study, then sing the graduates' song, But should you achieve academic honours, And don't carry the McGill spirit away, You'll find it hard to play the man, In the busy world today.

Drive your wagon to old McGill, If you enjoy sports or games, Learn to be a good loser, Don't get mad and use strange names, Be a sport, for sports ideal, To draw out the best in man, Love the name of Honour, But, on rough play, place a ban,

Drive your wagon over the old McGill trail, Thousands have followed the trail before, Some to the undiscovered country, Who smoothed the way in days of yore, Their virtue, example and ambition, Is a challenge to follow on, Hitch your wagon to old McGill, Work, honours and degrees shall be won.

H. B.
(Art's year unknown.)

At Twelve O'clock

TUMBLING, angry snow flurries, A grey poplar, shaking in mute, shadowy protest, The cool rasp of Frost's fingers on the glass, And a Gnome scratching in his beard Where it joins his chin. Gentlemen: Surely you will readily see The inadvisability of admitting you, Although it is Christmas. Snow, Poplar, Frost and Gnome. There is cheer and spirit for all, But, I insist on this intervening window pane.

Nicholas Nicholas.

Nearly 1,050 overseas vessels entered the Harbor of Montreal and over 350 coastal vessels docked there in the season just closed. This makes a very favorable showing compared with the 1,255 overseas and 215 coastal vessels of the previous season. During the period of open navigation over 113,550,000 bushels of grain were shipped from the port and flour shipments totalled 2,090,000 barrels.

RING OUT THE OLD

(Continued from page one)

some giant, and calls echo from the neighboring walls. Soon a few more have ascended, for the old custom of welcoming the New Year in the church belfry is not as yet extinct. Looking down from the narrow windows, we can discern some stir in the marketplace below—people are coming out to hear the bells. The men, already warmed up to their work and refreshed from the casks, are now ringing changes as only West Country ringers can do. "Seven to five," shouts the foreman, "three to two," and so merrily it goes on.

Let us go up above and watch the bells revolving in their half-circle at the command of those below. More gaily ascend, and now we feel the walls shaking with their internal thunder. The bellchamber—the noise is deafening, blasting, it fills the mind with its clangour, so that one is incapable of thought, can only dimly realize that in front are seven bells, reeling, revolving, clamouring.

We will ascend still further, and soon come to the flat roof of the tower. Down below the bells reel and rock, but here, out in the cool air, there is a strange peace. Around lies the scattered town, then the fields, beyond them, fading into the distance, can be seen by the vague light of the moon, the Vale merging into rolling downland. It is the most fertile, the oldest and most hallowed part of England, wrapped in peacefulness under the stars, as it should be. A contrast with the riot underneath!

Of a sudden the noise ceases. When the reverberations have died away the tinkle of some village bells can be heard, but they too soon fade. Down below is a stir, a shuffling. Without warning the big tenor speaks:—clang! It is a minute to midnight: they have started to toll out the Old Year. Clang!—It has been a troubled year, a year of strikes and strife.—clang!—there is war and bloodshed. What is the use of it all?—Clang!—and what of the God who above this sweet countryside?—Clang!—the year is passing, second by second, and it can never return.—Clang!—never. The hateful finality of life and the bitterness of wasted endeavour, fill the soul with misery.—Clang!—The thought of eternity the unthinkable, flashes across the mind and paralyses it.—Clang!—"The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on."—Clang!—Oh; death in life, the days that are no more."—Clang!—

Pause—That was the last—Midnight—Intense silence—Thinly in the distance some farm dog barks, but all else is still—Eternity is waiting—Orash! the joyous peal bursts out. The New Year is born! Ah, what reck we of the past? The future is ours, ours with which to do as we will. Strikes, trouble, war, are of the past. Youth is rising to manhood; the world goes on, and after all, it is a better place—this England, so fresh beneath the stars.

Humble in mind and elevated in soul, we descend and go home

The fourth Eastern International Dog Derby to be held from Quebec

city February 21, 22 and 23, promises to be the most keenly contested ever held. It is expected that over 20 teams will be entered for the race.

WHAT A FRESHETTE WANTS FOR XMAS

What would a freshette like for Christmas? Why! A French doll of course. Not one of these with the double jointed legs and arms, but one with a powdered wig and amorous eyes. One of those tiny gold purses for compact and key, a pair of book ends, a Spanish shawl and a nice man, a big man, a broad man strong man, under the mistletoe.

What she is likely to get is a different matter. Collar and cuff sets (when she hasn't a dress to put them on!) Chocolates (a pound in a three pound, over dressed box), perfume (she would rather buy her own) and a horrid little shik under the mistletoe, (when she wants a man, a MAN.

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Rhapsody

MEN wonder, grumble on For what and why? For everything is new beneath the sky. Age? What is age, when countless ages are? Have been and are to come forevermore; The sky, the sea, the earth and mountains high—All point our heart's desire—Towards the sky.

Diane Manning

Harvard Business School

The following graduates of McGill University are at present enrolled in the Harvard Business School, according to an announcement from the office of the Dean of the School: Stanley Duxton, Francis Ross, and L. G. Mickles, Jr.

The School is now operating with



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a class entering at midyears or men who have been in business and found it desirable to take graduate training in business subjects. Men entering this class will graduate from the School in February, two years later. Inasmuch as the enrollment in this midyear class is limited, applications should be sent to the Harvard Business School before January 15, 1927.

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All material must be sent to 845 University St., before Jan. 1st, 1927.

LOUIS A. DOWLING,
Editor-in-Chief.

NEW SUPPER PLANS IMPROVE INFORMALS

Union President Discusses Increased Popularity of Dances

It wasn't the dances themselves last year that made the Informal Dances unpopular, but the fact that the supper were far from satisfying at these social functions were the astonishing words of R. B. Bell in an interview with a McGill Daily reporter yesterday.

The tickets were two dollars per couple last year and the refreshments included were far from refreshing. One received a plate of ice cream, coffee and cake and that was supposed to be sufficient for the whole evening. Now, the price is one dollar and twenty-five cents. A man pays eighty cents extra per couple, and obtains refreshments worth about two or three dollars at any hotel. For forty cents per couple, a man gets exactly what he got when he paid two dollars for his ticket.

The Cafeteria makes more money this way, the Union House Committee, instead of losing money, makes a neat profit, and the people go away satisfied, resolving to come to the next Informal Dance.

At the Informal Dances last year, a man had to wait about one or two hours before obtaining his ticket. He became disgusted and usually went away without getting any. Now, by a wonderful suggestion made, a limited number of tickets is given to the presidents of the various classes to be distributed to them. A striking example is this. The Arts '30 class consists of about 200 members. A number of about 50 to 100 tickets are given to the class president. As a result, there is a grand rush for these tickets.

Interest is created in all localities. Groups of students discuss the coming Dance, and the prospects of having a good time. They wonder what amusement will be given them as a form of variety. Thus the tickets vanish as if by magic.

Another great factor in the success of the Informal Dances this year is the amusing and interesting columns written by the McGill Daily. It furnishes in a humorous story the details of the Dance, and creates an extreme desire to go to the next one.

THE OVERSEAS MAIL

(Continued from page one)

move inches nearer as one by one the customers are attended to and dismissed. Someone in the front feels too oppressed by the crush and heaves back to which motion all the line is forced to respond and the final person, being nearly thrown off her balance, pushes back and the movement takes a snakelike form of a die-away sine curve, rivaling in rhythm the Totem dance of Rose Marie.

Time takes an obstinate stand and small talk is the only outlet to an inevitable ordeal of waiting. But the small talk only adds insult to injury.

"I wonder why there is such a crowd, it must be near Christmas...."

"Why can't people be more polite. I tried to change my position and the cat pushed me back...."

"Some people do have big feet."

"My card says it's towels but mother said she wanted curtains...."

"Look at that guy going in front!"

"I don't believe all this talk about dysentery. I'm going to see another dentist first...."

"Four trimmings only last for a year...."

"I don't know why but they are always quarrelling...."

"They feel so nice to wear and they're trimmed with swansdown...."

"Lumme, anyone would think it's a butter queue...."

"And me spending 70 cents on a taxi and all...."

"I wonder if we have to speak French...."

"Well, we can't go to the movies now...."

At last the wicket and simultaneously three people claim precedence. The other wickets are working smoothly. A native of France has ogling eyes as his box reveals six straw wrapped dusty bottles. A Cockney exclaims "Lor buy a duck, wot does Emma want to send me a flannel chest protector for?", a lanky youth carries away a scarf and a cake, rather insecurely tied, while a lady protests that perfume should not be liable to duty. Expression rises to exuberance or sinks to despondency as each discovers the contents of his or her parcel. But whatever the successful line plunger has managed to obtain, each feels that even though they be far away, there are those who still remember them. This is the summum bonum.

And I, I get a box of cigars. Thank heaven, there are such people as mailmen and hallporters! ! !

P. M.

"Let's have a little light on this subject," spoke the king, as he walked into the dark dungeon to view his prisoner.—Ex.

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CAPITALISM IS SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION

(Continued from page three)

The next subject the speaker touched was the banks. "The primary and fundamental function of the banks is to act as intermediaries in affecting payments. Their concentration into a small number of large establishments is a concentration."

"As banking concentration increases the dependence of large scale industry on a few banks increases and this in turn restrains the freedom of action of industrial corporations which require bank capital. In practice industry and finance are closely related. Thus when the bank knows the financial condition of his client the client becomes

more or less dependent on the bank. At the same time large banks and industrial and commercial establishments are united with each other by interlocking directorates.

The characteristic of capital in general is the separation of ownership of capital from the means of production, the separation of money capital from industrial capital; the separation of the investor living exclusively on the income from money capital from the industrialist workers. Imperialism is the higher shape of capitalism in which this separation is increased enormously, continued the speaker.

Under the old capitalism of free competition the typical phenomenon was the export of commodities. Under modern capitalism the ascendancy of monopolies the typical phenomenon is the export of capital.

An animated discussion followed the refreshments.

Notices

Notices must be legibly written on one side of the paper only and must be in the McGill Daily office before eight o'clock on the night previous to publication. Brevity is essential. Under no circumstances will notices be accepted over the telephone.

INDOOR BASEBALL

All those interested in Baseball are asked to have a representative at the Union today at 5.15. Plans for season will be made and a schedule drawn.

G.O.T.C. LECTURES

The lecture which was to be given by Capt. R. E. Balders, M.C., R.C.R., on Monday at 5.15 has been cancelled.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

Will the following turn out at the Forum at 3.45 sharp on Tuesday for a practice game against Westmount High: Diphlock, P. T. Rogers, Calder, Guthrie, King, Sack, McKeown, Halpenny, T. Robertson, H. F. Abbott, McCabe.

CHORAL SOCIETY

Final practice tonight. Practice for principals will continue during holidays.

FANCY SKATING

The Athletic Board has set aside three ours on the Rink in the Hollow for the encouragement of fancy skating.

No charge will be made for the ice. The hours will be 3 to 6 on Tuesdays and Thursdays and 3 to 4 on Saturdays.

Will those interested in fancy skating please send their name as soon as possible to the Athletic Manager, he would also like to have a student who is interested in this form of sport to act as manager.

MACCABAEAN STUDY GROUP

The next meeting of the Maccabean Study Group takes place at the Z.B.T. House on Milton Street on Sunday evening, December 26th at 8.30.

M. W. S.

ONE ACT PLAY COMPETITION

All entries must be left, typewritten, at the porter's office, R.V.C., before tomorrow. If competitors wish for extended time they are asked to speak to either Mayale MacSparran, Atlantic 3453, or Gwen Roberts, Uptown 0170.

"OLD GIRLS" OF TRAFALGAR
All "Old Girls" of Trafalgar will be welcome at the schools closing Exercises tomorrow at 12:15 p.m.

LOST AND FOUND
LOST
A small fountain pen, probably in the Medical Bldg. on Thursday last. Please leave with the Hall Porter at once.

PERSONAL
What about a 15-day cruise to the West Indies during the Xmas vacation? Ask the Cunard Line about it. Main 562.

A Christmas Carol

With a moral pointing out how McGill students can assure themselves of the Merry and Happy Xmas we wish them: Soft music please.

From his Polar shanty came old Santy, feeling fine for the reindeer trip from Arctic Hill to Old McGill — five thousand miles at a clip. He was off to wed a fair Co-ed., he loved her very dearly; so he flew along to the merry song of sleigh bells ringing clearly. Wolves sent their howls from hungry jowls, snow swept on every side; but naught cared he as in ecstasy he sped toward his bride.

'Twas a glorious sight after one fortnight when he neared fair Montreal, for two weeks run is not much fun no matter what the call. Up Beaver Hill to Old McGill the reindeer jumped and ran, to the door of the House where his would-be spouse stood waiting for her man.

On bended knee "My dear" said he, "I've travelled far for you. You are my life — become my wife — forever I'll be true. I'll give you all of Montreal: I'll love till death us part. Please don't say nay or send me away to die of a broken heart."

"You're a good old head" said the fair Co-ed, "I love you tenderly, you bring such joys to girls and boys and lovely gifts to me. You bring such things as diamond rings and hose and dresses for us, you buy Hors d'Oeuvres and coats of fur for girlyies in the chorus. But say old man please tie a can to your reindeer and sled: You're a dear old skate but be up to date if we are to be wed. I'll give a cheer if you kill those 'deer — better shoot the whole galaxy — you'll successful be if you woo me with a Yellow Taxi. It's really too bad and it makes me sad to have to answer nay; you can change my answer if you ban sir that draughty, open sleigh. Come, old dear please let me hear that you'll be a regular fellow. You can bet your life I'll be your wife if you court me in a Yellow.

The meter in the above effort may not be correct but it is comforting to know that the meter on a Yellow always is.

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